THE BOON'S LICK TIMES.

JAMES R. BENSON & CLARK H. GREEN,
Publishers & Proprietors,
And Publishers of the Laws, &c., of the United States, by authority.

TERMS.

Published every Saturday, at $3 in advance, or $4 at the end of the year. No paper discontinued but at the option of the editors until all arrearages are paid—and a failure to give notice (before the end of the year) of a wish to discontinue will be considered a new engagement.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One dollar per square, of twelve lines or less, for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

For one square twelve months, twenty dollars.

Where the insertion of an advertisement is ordered, without the number of insertions being specified, it will be inserted (at the discretion of the proprietors) until forbid, and charged for accordingly.

All advertisements from strangers, as well as all orders for job-work, must be accompanied with the cash, or a reference to some responsible and convenient acquaintance.

AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

A. R. Oldham, Middle Grove, Monroe co.
James Hughes, Richmond, Ray co.
James Head, Four Mile Prairie, Randolph co.
W. F. Switzler, Columbia, Boon co.
C. P. Brown, Platte City, Platte co.
Thomas Jackman, Rocheport, Boon co.
Wm. D. Malone, Huntsville, Randolph co.

SATIRE WELL-AIMED!

(From the Marion, Ala. Herald.)

We take particular pleasure in directing the attention of the reader to "The Bustle," by a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society.—The lines are really beautiful and caustic, and we must say the subject which he satirizes is one at which ridicule may with great propriety be directed—at least in the opinions of the gentlemen.

THE BUSTLE.

Haste, Venus! daughter of the purple wave,
Unveil on earth thy radiant charms no more.
Hie maid of beauty to thy coral cave,
Thy peerless reign, alas! too soon is o'er.
Nor longer now ye artless Graces rise,
Your forms in sweet perfection to display;
Love, grace, and beauty with the goddess dies,
Since now *la mode* proclaims the "Bustle's" sway.

Hail, humpback'd muse! if such a muse there be,
Of Gods begat or of the briny sea,
List to my song, sweet goddess now attend,
And with my verse thy bumpiest numbers blend.
From Helicon, or from Parnassus' height,
Look o'er my page and guide my pen aright.
Tell me ye daughters of the tuneful Nine,
If one of you e'er wore a bump behind?
Tell me, ye sisters of the graceful Three,
If such a bump on one of you there be!
Oh say! sweet goddess of the nimble chase,
Does such a bump your outward woman grace?
Proclaim it mistress of the rosy morn
Does such a bump your outward Eve adorn!
Speak, gentle Hebe, thou fairest of the fair,
And if a hump thou hast, sweet goddess tell us where.
Hail, beauteous Psyche! whom artless Nature blest,
With charms by far more perfect than the rest;
In praise of whom, both gods and men combine,
Say, lovely sprite, wearest thou a bump behind?
In vain, alas! the sculptor's god-like art,
Bids grace and beauty into being start!
In vain he moulds the female form divine,
If Venus lacks an extra hump behind!
In vain, Apollo strikes the tuneful lyre,
And all the Muses in her praise conspire!
Even Poets sing, 'mid Tempe's flowery maze,
And God's combine to utter forth her praise!
Ah, no! 'mong all in vain I seek to find,
A maid who wears a hump behind.
Proclaim it daughters of the tuneful choir,
And touch my song with notes of liquid fire,
Whilst now I sing of etiquette, the laws,
Extol *la mode*, and plead a "Bustle's" cause.
Hail, beautious hump! mysterious bustle say!
Of flesh and blood, of rags, bran, or hay,
Art thou composed, and dost thou claim
A local situation and a name!
Say whence thou sprung, and what thy use and end.
And these I promise with my verse to blend.
Thou art, indeed, the pride of every belle,
Who delights at all to cut an extra swell,
And, by thy aid, secure the utmost honor
That feathers, rags or hay, can heap upon her.
I know of humps, at least a score in all,
Which have been worn from time immemorial:
To-wit—the back, the shoulders; and 'tis said,
That humps abound the smoothest head.
Now, if from these paternity you claim,
Then tell me, pray! what is your proper name?
Some call thee 'Bishop,' 'Bunkey,' '*Tournure*,'
And others, by at least a dozen more.
But now, forsooth, myself will call thee 'Bustle,'
Which means, you know, to frisk about and hustle,
Or move at least, within so small a compass,
As not to raise a riot, row, or rumpus.
But these aside, in thee alone we find,
Love, grace and beauty, in one heap combin'd
In thee alone, new beauties rise and live,
Which only art and etiquette can give,
Among the grave, the gay, the sad or merry,
Each maid displays, a hump *la Dromedary*;
The rich, the poor, tho' duns and debts entrammel,
Are found equipped, *la a la mode de Camel*.
The young, the old, tho' long since tired of fashion,
Alike delight, the extra lump to lash on.
In truth, 'tis strange, the Gods should thus mistake,
And place such beauties on a Dromey's back,
When Venus sure, this mark of grace should claim,
And raise complete, her beauty, back, and fame.
Hail, wond'rous age! when Nature's perfect law
Resigns the contest to a bag of straw;
When fashion bold, embracing every whim,
Augments the form where Nature fain would trim,
And taste, as fickle as the fleeting wind,
Must needs attach an extra hump behind;
While youth and beauty, bending 'neath the load,
Becomes a martyr to the laws *de mode*.

But, spite of these, I'll plead a Bustle's cause,
Extol *la mode*, and emulate the laws,
The age, the custom, etiquette and taste,
The largest bustle, and the slenderest waist;
And if for these I'm favored by the fair,
I'll add the grace, the manners and the air,
For all are written in that perfect code,
The laws of Fashion, or in French *la mode*.

THEIR NAMES.—The queer looking hoods worn by the ladies are called, 'Kiss-me-if-you-dare.' Do you hear that, boys?

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 3. FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1842. No. 6.

LUCILLE;

OR, THE FRENCH HARPISTE.

A warm and delightful evening in the middle of July was fast closing, the deep clouds of night were rolling majestically over the horizon, bearing darkness and silence onwards, and telling that nature was hastening to repose. The inhabitants of a fashionable square had risen from their dinner-tables, and in all the drawing-rooms might be seen the light of chandeliers, and groups of lovely women seeking amusement: some with the latest novels, others with lively conversation, and some (and they were not a few) sat inhaling the delightful breeze, loaded with the perfumes of the flowers which were placed around the rooms and on the balconies. In one of the principal houses of the square, and in a magnificent drawing room, sat Ida Ilderton, the lovely *debutante* of the season, surrounded by all those *petit agremens*, which are so indispensably necessary to highly-refined women, where a consciousness of high birth and large possessions are augmented by mental culture and intellectual attainments. On a low ottoman at the feet of Ida lay a beautiful greyhound decked with roses, and a small, delicate love-bird rested on one of her richly-jewelled hands, while a handkerchief of lace was held carelessly in the other. She sat apparently unconscious of the admiration she excited, and talked in a low voice to the bird who picked anxiously at the snowy white hand which supported it. Ida's beauty was captivating—it was so delicate, so pure. Her face was cast in the Grecian mould, with sleeping orbs, veiled with dark lashes, resting on her delicately-tinged cheek; her mouth was small, and at each corner of her coral lips sat a light curve, displaying pearly teeth, and her smile had a charm perfectly irresistible.

On this night she wore white Mechlin lace over rich white satin, and a girdle of silver confined her sylph-like waist; her sleeve fell over her arm to the elbow, and then displayed a beauty of *contour*, a classical perfection, which Praxilles vainly had attempted to surpass; her hand was equally faultless, and the long taper fingers were whiter than the handkerchief they held. Around her, were boquets of flowers, and vases filled with oriental perfume stood beside her; the rich plumage of far famed birds gleamed from cages of golden wire; pedestals of marble and scagiola supported pale cold statues, or *bijouterie* and articles of *vertu;* thus the room was one delicious temple, dedicated to Luxury and Art. Ida had sat playing with the bird for some time without noticing her guests, who had sought different occupations till the gentlemen arose from dinner, and most of them had gone with Mrs. Ilderton to walk in the conservatory, leaving Ida and her favorites together. At length the gentlemen ascended to coffee, and the ladies returned to the drawing-room, when conversation light and fashionable began to circulate amongst the different groups. Near Ida sat a favorite cavalier of the party, vainly endeavoring to obtain a glance from her lovely eyes; and opposite to her, apparently engaged in looking at a print, stood the heir to an earldom, wishing he was the bird, or the greyhound, or the handkerchief, or any thing that Ida loved or admired; but Ida neither looked at one or the other.

"It was the opinion of Charles the Fifth, Miss Ilderton," said the heir, "that we speak English to birds."

"And Italian to ladies," was the cool answer. "Why not speak *la bella lingua* to me, if you follow the Emperor's maxim?"

Ida smiled as she said this, and glanced towards a window, where sat a young man, holding a cup of coffee in an easy manner, perfectly displaying a finely-formed white hand and seemingly intent on taking the pattern of the carpet in his mind's eye, to compare it with others on some future occasion.

"Listen!" said Ida, starting from her couch: "there is music," and the sound of a harp was heard beneath the balcony. Instantly the windows were thrown open, and the visitors rushed to hear the Harpiste, while Ida drew near the farthest, and stood by the silent young gentleman, who smiled, and offered a chair as she approached. From the blaze of the light within, and the brightness of the gas without, the figure and face of the Harpiste were clearly seen, and her rapid and brillian execution astonished and delighted her audience.

"I have seldom heard such a thrilling touch," remarked Ida. "What a pity she should play thus, and find such small encouragement, for nothing but absolute necessity could have obliged her to seek bread by itinerant playing."

"She is *une demoiselle Francoise*," said the young man, gazing firmly on Ida's lovely face. "Listen! there, she sings!" and a perfectly natural voice arose in all its wild beauty, singing a pathetic French Romance.

"Has she not a pretty style, Mr. Beresford?" asked Ida, who seemed pleased with the musician, "I fancy there is a touch of romance about her. I feel an interest in her; she is as youthful as myself, and a wanderer."

"You are a little enthusiastic creature, Ida," was the answer. "Now, surely, you do not fancy her a Princess in disguise, or a maiden escaped from a haunted castle, where some malignant geni confined her. Tell me, what do you imagine?"

"Some disappointment, a faithless lover, a father banished for breaking the laws, and, after a bright happy girlhood, she becomes what she is now, with a life of desolation before her. Have I drawn a touching picture, Beresford? Is not that sufficient misery for a novel?"

"Not quite, truth is stranger than fiction, I am sure, Ida, there is more real wretchedness, more deep misery, in many hearts than any novel could describe (and Ferdinand Beresford spoke for the first time feelingly.) Perhaps you have no idea of the meaning of grief, and if you have not, I hope you never will."

"Thank you, I can only wish you the same. Now we must contribute to the Harpiste; it ought to be a shower of gold. Viscount Lyvla first," and Ida moved away towards the spot where the Viscount stood, and a handsome collection was soon made, sufficient to awaken joy in the heart of the fair Harpiste."

"Ask her residence and her name; tell her to return to-morrow," were Ida's commands, and she once more returned to Ferdinand Beresford. A moment only elapsed, when she quitted his side, and for the remainder of the evening a beautiful blushing rosebud decked her bosom. It was not more lovely than those favorite children of Flora usually are, but Ida had never possessed one so inestimably valuable before.

Ida Ilderton was devotedly attached to Ferdinand Beresford; she loved him better than aught else besides, and to win his esteem she would have resigned all her wealth and power, and of this Ferdinand felt quite conscious and not a little proud. In the society of Ida he seemed pleased but reserved, and a languid melancholy stole over him, which added a degree of calm repose and thoughtful gaze, of which those around him were bereft.

Mrs. Ilderton had long and silently seen Ida's growing attachment, and determined, by slow degrees, to find the exact point at which it had arrived; for Ferdinand was scarcely a desirable match for her daughter, his father being the seventh son of a duke, and himself the youngest of nine children, all depending upon their grandfather's patronage for appointments in the army and navy or small lucrative places about court; and by dint of being seen in the Duchess' carriage in Hyde Park, and introduced at the different drawing-rooms, Ferdinand's three sisters were titled and tolerably rich ladies, who all united in saying he was too handsome for anything but a Secretary, and that he accordingly became, with a salary of £500 per annum, but no better prospects. This did not suit Mrs. Ilderton's projects for her child and she determined to separate the lovers: therefore, on the night in question, she believed she had seen sufficient to warrant her in so doing.

It was late before the party broke up, and as Ida received the farewell of Ferdinand Beresford, for a moment his reserve was thrown off; he caught the little white hand and pressed it to his lips, and left the delighted maiden to ponder on this first act of love.

The sun had passed the meridian before Ida arose, and putting on a simple *negligee* threw herself on her couch to breakfast alone. Many new feelings crowded on her heart, and she sank her head on the soft satin pillow to dream; they were dreams of bliss, of love, and of Ferdinand Beresford. The voice of her maid aroused her with the intelligence that the Harpiste had returned according to her orders, and waited any commands Miss Ilderton wished to give.

"Bring her hither," said Ida, "I will converse with her, it will amuse me; and let her harp be brought also. I wish to hear her sing," and with a ready alacrity the waiting woman obeyed, and in a moment, the Harpiste stood in the luxurious boudoir of Ida. There was a great difference between the beauty of the young *noblese* and the striking face of the wandering child of song; it was not a beauty to be painted and hung in a print-shop, to attract the notice of passers-by, nor to be sculptured for its fine regularity. No—it was a beauty in which shone mind, and feeling and firmness, combined with easy good nature and vigorous thought. Her face was shaded by a white cap, with large borders falling on her dark cheeks, and her hair, of glossy chestnut, was braided beneath; her forehead was high, and her eyes of dark blue; they had once been merry, laughing eyes, but their look of joy was gone, and save when she smiled with a strange, brilliant smile, her face wore no joyous expression. Her dress was of coarse blue marino, and a large shawl of red and black plaid completed her attire. Yet she stood before Ida, not boldly but easily, and seemed to look without any feelings of admiration or wonder on the luxury which surrounded the heiress, while Ida addressed her in pure Parisian as follows:—

'You are a native of *la belle* France—is it not so?'

'Yes, my lady,' was the timid reply.

'Have you been long away from home—long in England?'

'I have no home, my lady: I have been three weeks in this land,' was the answer. 'I have not had a home for years; this is the only relic now remaining, (and she placed her hand on her harp,) and it gains me my bread.'

'You are not self-taught?' asked Ida; 'you play too well for that. How long have you practiced the harp?'

'I learnt my art from one of the finest masters France possessed, and it is years since I commenced. I do not play so well as I used; my fingers seem stiff and less pliant than formerly. So many things are called to my mind by the tones of my harp, that sometimes I would rather weep than sing.'

'Have you a father or mother with you?' asked Ida, feelingly; for she felt interested in the girl.

'I have neither now, my lady. A mother I never knew; a father I had, but his love is fleeted and I am quite alone."

'Why did you leave your home, poor exile? Was your father's displeasure the cause? Have you no friends here? Are you quite alone?" asked Miss Ilderton, with tears glistening in her eyes.

'Oh, it is a long story, my lady, and you will condemn me I know. I have not met with such kindness for years, as I now meet with from you. No one has manifested kindness for me; I am an outcast—wretched and alone.'

'Sit down there,' said Ida, pointing to a velvet ottoman beside her, 'and if it grieves you, cease to speak of your home. It is sufficient to know you are unhappy. I feel for you—I pity you much.'

'Oh, no, dearest lady, I will tell you all,' said the Harpiste, 'lest thoughts of my unworthiness, to receive your kindness, steal into your bosom, and thus once more I become friendless, even as before I heard your voice.

'My father was tutor in the family of an Italian nobleman, and alternately resided in Italy and France, till, having completed the education of his pupils, he left them, married, and retired to the environs of Paris. I was his only child. My mother died shortly after my birth, and I grew up till the age of ten years, with him alone. It was then he sent me to Paris to school, and I there learnt the harp which now gains me my livelihood, and became the favorite pupil of a too indulgent master. Could he see me here, the abject creature I am, would he recognise in the homeless wanderer, the once happy Lucille Beranger? No, he could not, would it were but a dream. I remained five years in Paris, and then my father recalled me, and I returned home. Oh! how well I remember that evening, when the 'diligence' entered my native village, and I saw my father's cottage peeping out amongst the trees, the summer sun setting behind the hill, and the roses twining round the casements of my long remembered home. Beneath the porch stood my father, and beside him a person I had never seen. I thought at first it was one of his old pupils, come to visit their kind tutor; but the face was not Italian, and the smile was too sweet to be ought but English. As soon as the diligence stopped, my father rushed forward and embraced me, and led me into the house, followed by his strange companion. This is Mademoiselle Beranger,' said the stranger, stepping forward: 'we wanted only the presence of a lady here to complete our happiness. We shall be too happy.' I saw my father's eyes glisten, and he smiled upon him; then turning to me, introduced him as his pupil, and passed a high eulogium on his kindness and talent. It seemed that my father felt lonely after I left him, and had become melancholy and desponding, when one of his former pupils came to him, and introduced an English lady of good connections, but limited fortune, and asked him to educate her youngest son. My father willingly complied, and the young Englishman was to remain till his education was completed. All the morning did my father devote to study, and during that period I sat alone in my little boudoir, happy as ever maiden could be, till I heard the door of the library shut, and I knew the hours of study were over.

'Then I listened for the sound of footsteps, and with a joyous heart I used to hear my father's pupil come silently into my room and hang over my chair, with some offering of flowers and fruit *chere* Lucille. He gave me birds, and books, and plants, and all that could make my home happier. At length—time passed rapidly—his education was finished, and the day was appointed for him to leave. It was the first grief I had ever known and I shut myself up in my room to weep. The day on which the letter came to recall him, I saw him not, nor my father, for he had gone to see some friends at a distance, and the servant told me his pupil was in the library reading, and we remained apart the whole day. Towards evening my heart began to break with grief, and I laid my head on the table and wept aloud. I could not bear to lose my kind companion, and I wept with passionate earnestness at his coldness—till I felt a hand laid affectionately on my shoulder, and I saw him standing looking attentively in my face.

'Spare the recital of all that passed then,' cried Lucille, raising her clasped hands to Ida imploringly.

'Suffice it to say, that in six months he promised to return and claim me as his bride, and bear me to these shores. He left us—six months passed away, and he came not. I heard nought of him. My life became a burden, and my heart was breaking, and I came to the rash determination to quit my home in search of my faithless lover.

'It was a lovely moonlight night, cloudless and starry; I could not sleep, and I felt my brain grow dizzy with suffering; my head burnt with pain. It was the work of a moment to throw my shawl around me, and take with me my beloved harp, and before dawn I was far away from my father—an alien and a beggar.'

Here Lucille paused, as though the intensity of her feelings would not allow her to proceed, and sat weeping silently till Ida fondly took her hand in hers, and asked if she had found her lover.

'Oh, no, no; if I had, I would not be here; I would go back to my poor old father, and ask his forgiveness. I would bear that faithless one to our peaceful home, which for two long years I have not beheld, and in quietude pass the remainder of my life.'

'Can you tell me the name of your false lover? Do you remember him perfectly. Tell me, and if I can aid you in finding him I will.'

'Remember him! Oh, I shall remember him until I die,' sobbed Lucille, 'and on my heart is engraved the name of Ferdinand Beresford.'

A change passed over the beautiful countenance of Ida, and a deadly paleness overspread her cheeks, and lips. She could not speak; and save the convulsive throbbing of the veins on her marble brow, there was no sign of life. The shock had come suddenly but surely, and Ida was from that hour a changed creature.

Lucille stood by her for a moment in silence, till a thought seeming to cross her brain, she sank down beside her clasping her hands in agony, and hoarse with emotion, exclaimed—

'You know him! you have seen him! Oh restore him to me, my long-lost Ferdinand! Give me but a hope that I may yet see him once more, and I die in peace! Oh, say he is not wedded; I cannot bear suspense—my heart is breaking—I beseech you tell me all—*shall we ever meet again*?'

In a wild manner Lucille uttered those incoherent expressions, and Ida, with an effort of self-control, rose up to answer her inquiries.

'Return to-night, at nine, and you shall meet Mr. Beresford,' was all she could say. Her heart seemed filled with restrained emotion, and she again sunk back on her couch. To describe the joy of Lucille is impossible; her burst of deep gratitude to Ida; her ardent love for her old companion; and her sorrow for the grief she had occasioned her poor father; all seemed in turn to animate her bosom; but even there a tender regard for Ida predominated, and she looked with anguish on the woe she had caused.

It was not for some time that Lucille could be prevailed on to leave her new-found friend; but at the earnest entreaties of Ida to leave her to repose, she at length consented. Ida lay still in bitter misery; her heart's best hope was gone. To know he had loved another was madness; to believe he still loved her was a torturing agony; and Ida allowed herself to doubt he remembered that Lucille Beranger existed; but she was deceiving herself; Ferdinand Beresford loved with earnest devotedness his betrothed Lucille. He was not to blame; he had acted nobly to his parents; he had told them he loved his tutor's daughter, and resolved, on attaining his majority, to wed her. He was answered by taunts, threats and revilings; forbidden to hold the least communication with his betrothed, and finally thrown, by the consummate art of his sister, Lady Vesey, into the society of Ida Ilderton, to wean his thoughts from the young French maiden. All their efforts failed; he burst their chains asunder, but it was too late. The letter announcing to Lucille his faithfulness, his continued love, reached its destination two days after she had quitted her home, and was never answered. He wrote again thrice, but no tidings came; till at length he received his letter back, with the mournful news that his old preceptor was dead and his once happy daughter a voluntary wanderer in other lands. Here all intercourse ceased, and Ferdinand Beresford mourned over his faithless Lucille.

It was impossible for him to recognize in the wandering Harpiste his favorite companion; her voice bore no resemblance to that of the young French girl; it was mournful and that of Mademoiselle Beranger was glad and joyous; while in her disguising attire, under the clouds of night, he could not suppose for one instant the lovely face and sylph-like form of Lucille were concealed; but still the tones of the harp recalled her to his mind; and it was the knowledge of the anguish he himself had endured, which prompted him to wish happiness to Ida. Little did he dream he was the being on whom her happiness depended; he loved her as a brother loves, but nothing more.

It was night, dark, gloomy, desolate night, to such hearts as Ida's; but it was day, bright joyous sunshine—to the expectant Lucille. The lamp shone brightly, the jewels sparkled gaily, and, harp in hand, she stood beneath the centre chandelier of the magnificent drawing-room where Ida sat in desolation, to meet for the last time, Ferdinand, her idolized Ferdinand. It was late when he entered, with a smile on his lip, and a sparkle in his eye, as elegant, as polished as a monarch need be; and as the first tone of his voice fell on the ear of Lucille, she sprung forward, and in a moment the parted lovers were closely wrapped in each other's embrace. I pass over the scene so painful to Ida; to feel she loved, but in vain—and in despair to hear the word of love—to hear the tale of long remembered days gone by, was more than Ida's heart could bear, and she could only bless them, and bid them farewell.

Three weeks after this, a marriage appeared in the "Morning Post," celebrated first at St. James', Picadilly and afterwards at the Catholic Chapel, Warwick street, Golden Square, it was the marriage of Ferdinand Beresford and Lucille Beranger. And immediately below that, were these words:—

"Died, of a rapid decline, Ida, the beloved and only child of Horace Ilderton, in the 16th year of her age." She was dead; her heart was broken; and in the long white fingers, cold and stiff, lay the faded rose-bud given by one who was that day wedded.

Two friends who had been separated a great while, meeting by chance, one asked the other how he did?

He replied, that he was "very well and *was married* since they last met."

"That is good news, indeed."

"Nay, not so very good neither, for I married a shrew."

"That is bad, too."

"Not so bad, neither, for I had two thousand pounds with her."

"That is well, again."

"Not so well, neither, for I laid it out in sheep, and they all died of the rot."

"That was hard, in truth."

"Not so hard neither, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost me."

"Aye, that made you amends."

"Not so much amends, neither, for with my money I bought a house, it was burned."

"That was a great loss, indeed."

"Not so great a loss, neither—*for my wife was burned in it!*"

Here the dialogue ended.

"What shall I do, Doctor, when the gout seizes me?" said a bon vivant, recently, to his phhysican.

"Arm yourself, by all means," replied the witty physician.

"Arm yourself! what do you mean?"

"Get the *arms* of an easy chair and have them ready *on each side of you*."

LOOK OUT FOR CHAPS.—A pretty girl was complaining to a young Quaker, that she was dreadfully troubled by chaps on the lips. 'Friend Mary', replied broad brim' 'thou shouldst not allow the chaps to come so near thy lips.'

Do good and throw it into the sea—if the fishes don't know it, God will.